

ADIEU TO GIRLHOOD.

When, waked on summer morns from
dreamless sleep,
I fold my hands and all quiescent lie,
With docile heart, watching that cloistral
A-tremble with the dawn, hearing the
cheep
Of young, young birds, or tinkle of the
sheep
Beyond the hill, oh, then from far and
high
Dear soft-winged presences, unseen, draw
nigh,
And tides of yearning wonder o'er me
sweep.

But yesternorn, before the soft wings came
In the expectant dawn, wild music swept
Within my soul; and, unsought, past me
swept
Thy face, thine eyes, 'mid swift tumultuous
flame,
Then, then, I could not pray, but long I
wept,
Burned and bewildered by a sudden shame.
—M. Cannah, in the Century.

"CANDIDATING"

By F. E. C. ROBBINS.

ES," said Aunt Amelia Bates, with a little sigh, "we've been candidating at our church ever since Mr. Pease passed away in March, and for my part I've had enough. It's considerable of a strain, this sitting in judgment every Sunday, though some appear to like it. The fact is, there are a lot of our people that's dreadful hard to suit. They don't all agree as to just what is wanted in a minister, but they are all set on one point—and that is, not to take up with anything short of the best that can be found."

"Haven't you heard any one yet that seemed to give general satisfaction?" asked Miss Eleanor Banks, who was paying her annual visit to her aunt.

"Well, no, not to say satisfaction. Or, yes, there was one minister came a Sunday in August that made a good impression, on the whole. People talked it over between services, while the minister had gone to dinner with Abel Hayes, and there was quite a feeling that perhaps he'd do. There was some objection to him, though. Some thought he wasn't quite young enough, and some found fault because he didn't stand outside of the pulpit all the time while he preached. Some of the folks are pretty particular on that point. They want a minister that can preach extemporaneous, and they want him to stand far enough away from the pulpit so's't everybody can see that he has no chance to take a peek at any notes. And Adelaide Tinkham didn't like him because he held his head a little on one side. But there was something sort of interesting about him, and I guess he could have got a vote.

"But when Abel came back in the afternoon he got round word on the quiet that it wasn't any use. It appeared that he was a city minister, taking his vacation down to the Hollow, and he had just come up for an accommodation, because the candidate we were expecting was a little under the weather that day. We heard afterward that this minister had a thirty-five-hundred, or some said four-thousand, salary, and you know we can't pay over six hundred and fifty."

There was the least twinkle in the old lady's eye in response to her niece's laugh, but in other respects she preserved a solemnity befitting a serious topic.

"But I must tell you about last Sunday," she resumed, pushing her knitting needles to their highest speed as she warmed to her theme.

"We had a youngish man for a candidate, and you could see that he was trying hard; but it didn't take me long to find out that he wasn't going to suit. When you've been to church in one place as many years as I have, there are little signs that you can't help noticing, any more than the weather-wise can help taking account of the clouds or the way of the wind.

"There was Deacon Lang, for instance. He had put on his reading glasses and picked up a hymn-book and was studying over the hymns. He always does that when he isn't pleased, though I don't suppose the dear man is conscious of it. And then Brother Bassett—he always looks at his watch when the sermon begins and again when it is done, and you can see him reckoning up the time. Some say that he used to tend out on the races pretty constant before he joined the church, but likely enough that is only talk.

"Well, when Brother Bassett isn't edified, instead of just taking the time at the beginning and end, he'll keep looking at his watch every now and then all through the sermon, to see how the minister is getting along. Last Sunday morning he would twitch that watch out every two or three minutes, till I got so worked up watching him that I thought I should fly.

"And then people all over the house kept glancing at each other with a look that said as plain as words, 'That man will never do.' Even your Uncle Andrew every once in a while

would shake his head slow like, and kind of heave a sigh.

"It was all sort of depressing, and no doubt the minister noticed it, and felt as if he had an uphill job. He looked pretty discouraged by the time meeting was over.

"But somehow he appeared altogether different when the service began in the afternoon, and the very first words that he said almost took our breath away.

"My friends," said he, "I preached to you as a candidate this morning, but this afternoon I shall try to preach as a minister of the gospel. I'm not a candidate now," says he.

"Then he went on to say that the church was a place for worship and instruction, but he thought that we had almost forgotten that at the morning service. He said he was afraid that he was thinking all the time about the appearance he was making, and as near as he could judge, the rest of us were thinking about it, too.

"But that is all over now," he said. "You have already made up your minds that you don't want me; and to tell the truth, friends," says he, "I'm pretty sure I don't want you. So do not let us waste another service. I shall not think of you now as possible parishioners, but as brothers and sisters that I hope I have some message for. And I trust that you will not think of me at all, but only of the message."

"Then he went on with the service as if nothing had happened.

"Well, I don't know what he had to say was really any better than he had given us in the morning, but it certainly fell on better soil, so to speak. I presume to say that there is comfort and strength to be got out of any sincere preaching, if it is received with meekness, as the Scripture says. At any rate, that was a refreshing service.

"Thinking of it afterwards, I couldn't remember that Brother Bassett looked at his watch once, though to tell the truth, I didn't take notice at the time.

"As for me, when I went home I felt for the first time in months as if I had really been to meeting. Others have said that they felt the same way, and some seem to think that, after all, that young man may be the one we want. But I guess after what he said he wouldn't accept a call, and perhaps it wouldn't be best. But at any rate, I think he has left us in a better frame of mind to listen to the next one that comes."—Youth's Companion.

The New Woman.

One of the charges that are made against the "new woman" is that she is less sympathetic than is her sister who abides closely in what is called "woman's sphere." But in the light of the above arraignment of sympathy as the vice that it infrequently is, may not the "new woman" confess judgment upon this charge and strengthen her case and her position by so doing? Woman has been called a ministering angel, but would not a more practical name better befit the woman of the twentieth century? Will not the services of women to the world be greater and of more enduring effect if they cast aside unreasoning sympathy as a worn out garment that discloses rather than conceals the moral nakedness of those about whom it is cast, and substitute therefor the armor of personal responsibility? It has been said that there is a woman behind the door of every man's success. "If there is," says the writer, "rest assured that she isn't a sympathetic woman whining through the keyhole, 'Give it up if it's hard,' but a woman of nerve and backbone, who, like the Spartan mother of old, is crying out, 'Come home with your shield, or on it.'"—Portland Oregonian.

Monuments on Liars' Graves.

The Dyak nation of the East India community has an effective way of dealing with a liar, says the Boston Transcript. While he is alive they take every means to spread abroad his evil repute, and when he is dead they perpetuate his infamy with a monument.

On the site where he lived the chief sufferer from his wiles thrusts the branch of a tree into the ground, at the same time uttering a vociferous curse against the wrong doer. Whoever passes that way contributes more branches and more curses, until there grows what is called the tugong bula. Its evolution proceeds through the years, and for generations and generations the memory of the poor man's barefaced inaccuracy is kept alive.

An Eccentric Historian.

Like most men of genius, the late Professor Mommsen, the great German historian, had striking eccentricities. One of these was absent-mindedness. He permitted his hair to be frizzled off by a candle by whose light he was reading. But the most characteristic incident was his thrusting an infant into his waste paper basket when it cried. Bismarck had not much respect for Mommsen as a public man, but it would have gladdened the old Chancellor's heart to see the scholar publicly reproaching the language of the Kaiser not long ago. No man outside the Socialist ranks dared have done such a thing in Germany.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Need of National Courtesy

By President Roosevelt



THINK that we of the United States cannot keep too fresh in our minds the fact that the men responsible for the Government are not the representatives of the people, but the people themselves, and that therefore heavy is the responsibility that lies upon the people and upon all those who do most toward shaping the thought of the people.

Now in the days of my youth I was a literary man. I have recently in reading a book been immensely struck by the thought developed in it by one of our greatest scholars, who was speaking of freedom and of the fact that freedom could not exist unless there went with it a sense of responsibility, and he used a phrase somewhat like this:

"That among all peoples there must be a restraint; if there is no restraint there is for an inevitable result anarchy, which is the negation of all government."

Therefore there must be restraint. A free people has merely substituted self-restraint for external restraint, and the permanence of our freedom as a people and of our liberty depends upon the way in which we shall exercise that self-restraint.

Law—there must be more than good laws to make a good people. A man whose morality is expressed merely in the non-infringement of the law is a pretty poor creature. Unless our average citizenship is based upon a good deal more than mere observance of the laws on the statute book, then our average citizenship can never produce the kind of government which it can and will produce. So far from liberty and the responsibility of self-government being things which come easily and to any people they are peculiarly things that can come only to the most highly developed people capable not only of mastering others, but of mastering themselves and who can achieve real self-government, real liberty.

For that cultivation of the spirit of self-restraint which is the spirit of self-reliance we must rely in no small degree upon those who furnish so much of the thought of the great bulk of our people who think most.

The man who writes, the man who month in and month out, week in and week out, day in and day out, furnishes the material which is to shape the thoughts of our people, is essentially the man who more than any other determines the character of the people and the kind of government this people shall possess.

I believe in the future of this people. I believe in the growth and greatness of this country, because I believe that you and those like you approach their tasks in the proper spirit—not always, but as a rule. And, gentlemen, it seems to me that because of the very fact that we are so confident in the greatness of our country, and our country's future we should beware of any undue levity or any spirit of mere boastfulness.

Individual courtesy is a good thing, and international courtesy is quite as good a thing. If there is any one quality which should be deprecated in the public man and in the public writer alike, it is the use of language which tends to produce irritation among nations with whom we should be on friendly terms. Nations are now brought much nearer together than they formerly were.

Steam, electricity, the spread of the press in all countries, these factors have brought the people closer together. You can rest assured that no man and no nation ever thinks the better of us because we adopt toward him feelings which we should resent if they were adopted toward us.

We have a very large field in warring against evil at home. When all is as it ought to be in Nation and State and municipality here at home we can then talk about reforming the rest of mankind. Let us begin at home.

Why Women Keep Their Age a Mystery

By H. R. R. Hertzberg.



OMAN'S reluctance to let her age be known has been the theme of ten thousand jests in prose and rhyme. The reason for the questionable literary popularity of this trait is that the trait exists to-day as it existed a hundred years ago.

However averse a woman may be to keeping a secret in a general way, she is perfectly able to keep her age a secret the minute she has graduated from her teens.

When men have written on the subject they have come to the conclusion that woman's vanity stood responsible for her unwillingness to disclose the number of her years.

This explanation has become, therefore, the accepted solution of the question. We've taken it to be true as we take it to be true that two and two equal four rather than seventeen.

But it appears to me we've been at fault.

The cause lies deeper than the shallow surface soil of vanity.

It may be found, I think, in less explored, and less exploited ground. Is not woman's secretiveness regarding her age one of the various manifestations of her great ambition and desire in life—to remain a charming mystery in the eyes of man?

By clever little manoeuvres, tiny tricks whose purport man does not realize, although he may laugh stupidly at their visible results, she manages to become, quite early in life, Miss or Mistress Mystery.

Therein she shows that wisdom is feminine as much as anything, and thereby she achieves her purpose.

One of these tricks, and not the least effective, is the obliteration of her age. A Sphinx should have no age.

A mystery would lose its indistinct impressiveness did it carry one of time's tags.

So that, when we come to consider the matter, we men, we may discover in the end that the ten thousand jokes at the expense of woman's reluctance to let her age be known were truly jokes on us.—New York American.

A Cure For Laziness

By Robert Hichens



HE longer I live, the more I see of suffering and complaining humanity, the more I wish that I could persuade everyone to follow the three-quarters of an hour a day system of physical exercises. Where the best doctors fall these exercises will succeed, if they are persisted in. But the curse of laziness, which makes so many thousands of peevish invalids, must be combated. Will power must be used. Regularity must be observed. The task must be a daily one, and to do it will require resolution.

Another mistake people fall into is that weak persons—especially weak women—cannot attempt the exercises; that before you begin them at all you must be fairly strong. This is all nonsense. The weaker you are the more necessary is it for you to begin the physical culture without delay. If you feel languid and inclined to be incessantly on the sofa; if your back bends like a reed in the wind, and you can scarcely raise your stick-like arms above your aching head, you are the very persons who ought to do exercises; of course in strict moderation at first, and under directions from some one who knows your physical condition and your age. It does not matter if you are middle-aged, if you are unwieldy fat, if you are scent of breath and given to flushings, vapors and tremblings. Start the exercises and stick to them.

I perpetually hear people complaining of indigestion. This horrible malady—especially horrible because of its disastrous effect upon the mind and temper—can be entirely done away with in a comparatively short time by the right kind of exercises. I proved that in my own case after ten years of almost perpetual misery from what was called chronic dyspepsia.

Anything comparatively simple and sanely natural is laughed at or feared by many modern men and women. The cult of complexity has them in thrall. A chest expanded, a pair of dumb-bells, an "exerciser," one or two weights, these things are too cheap and ordinary to be believed in. As to the innumerable and superbly healthy exercises one can do without any appliance at all in one's bedroom at night and morning—they of course are for school boys, not for weary, yellow, wrinkled ones "of a certain age," and probably almost unceremonious temper.

Farm Topics

ECONOMY OF A SILO.

Stockmen and dairymen have not all given that thought to the advantages and economy of silos for saving feed in a pickled shape that they should. Read what an Illinois stock feeder said about the quantity and economy of feed that can be saved by a good silo. "One acre of corn," he said, "will make silage enough to feed one steer three years. Mr. Nugen said that he had a silo with a capacity of 300 tons, which cost him about \$500. Discussion on the subject brought out that silos cost from \$1 to \$1.50 per ton capacity."

NO VITALITY.

Many a fancier has been disappointed with the hatches that have come from a given pen of fowls. He has selected the very finest looking male he could find and has prided himself that, mated with the excellent females he possessed, only the best results could possibly be obtained. When it was too late he discovered that his male possessed little or no vitality, hence the failure of the eggs to hatch. If he had used an egg tester from the time he first began to incubate the eggs, he would not have thus been so badly disappointed, for he would have discovered the source of the trouble.

HELPED BY HARROWING.

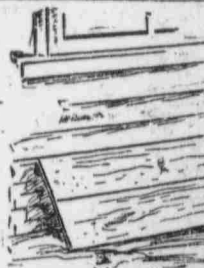
Harrowing the land makes a wonderful difference in the yield of wheat or corn provided the work is done frequently and well. Rolling and harrowing the ground after plowing, then seeding, harrowing and rolling again, gave an increase of five bushels an acre of wheat in one case which is due to the fineness of the soil and the excellent preparation of the seed bed. On one piece of land the use of the harrow a week after seeding increased the yield two bushels per acre compared with adjoining crops not harrowed. Deep plowing and fine soil permit of the retention of a larger supply of water and admit more air and warmth.

IMPROVEMENT OF CATTLE.

Common cows may be easily improved by the aid of the pure breeds, consequently the improvement will not be very expensive. There is but little profit in dairying as long as reliance is placed upon the cows that are picked up and hawked around the country for sale to dairymen. The majority of such cows have vices, which is sometimes the reason they are sold, and these vices are not easily discovered until the cows are put to service in the dairy, when they are either sold at a sacrifice or kept for want of something better. Improvement in dairy management should begin with the stock. If the cows are of the right kind many difficulties may be avoided.

PROTECT CELLAR FROM FROST.

There are several ways of protecting the windows opening into the cellar so that the minimum amount of frost will get through them, but one of the best and least expensive methods is shown in the cut. One advantage of this plan is that the light is not wholly excluded from the cellar, which is the fault with most protective plans. A strip of scantling, two-inch stuff, is about right, is nailed to the lower clapboard of the house, just over the window, and to this is fast-



PROTECTION FOR CELLARS.

tened a board that is wide enough so that its lower edge will fit closely to the ground.

If desired, this board may be hinged to the scantling so that it may be raised and the window opened. The illustration shows how this plan works, and shows the comparatively small openings that are left at the sides when the board is in position. This board should be about two feet longer than the window, so that it will extend beyond the window a foot on either side when it is placed in position. To make this protection even better, line the inside of the board with tar paper, or even with old newspapers doubled.

Market For Apples.

A Belfast paper says that during one week recently 100,000 bushels of apples came from the United States and 150,000 from Canada, and that Continental apples are much inferior in quality to either of the above, and the supplies are insignificant in comparison to them.